Threnodia Hymenæa.

A

Funeral POEM,

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

Right Honourable

WILLIAM

EARL OF

KINGSTON.

——— Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ. VIRG.

By *E. Settle.*

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A Funeral Poem, &c.

IN theſe Great Rites aſſiſt ye Sacred *Nine*;
A *KINGSTON*'s *Dirge* Your whole ſad Choir muſt joyn.
A Genuine Fount does here Your Tears ſupply;
The MUSES mourn to ſee the GRACES dye.
When this laid HEAD on his cold Pillow reſts,
Your whole Caſtalian Train his Fun'ral Gueſts,
Your ſcatter'd Roſes on his Monument laid,
Sweets to the *Sweet* are nat'ral Tribute paid.

When t' Elder Heads the Stroke of Fate is given
The hoary Brows call'd t' a long waiting Heav'n,
Here but half wet the Eyes of Sorrow turn,
T' attend thoſe ſleeping Aſhes to their Urn.
But on fair YOUTH, (oh too relentleſs Doom!)
And fairer HONOUR, in Life's ſpritelieſt Bloom,
And all the Hopes of an expecting World,
When the *Deſtroyer*'s cruel Bolt is hurl'd,
What deeper Streams our melting Eyes muſt pour,
When ſuch clos'd Eyes muſt ſee the Sun no more,
Seal'd up in the dark Grave's too ſable Night,
Never to open but t' Immortal LIGHT.

Mongſt th' *H*onourable Heads thus ſnatcht away
Such was our now mourn'd KINGSTON's ſetting Day.
When ſuch bright WORTH preſented to our View,
So early from our well pleas'd Eyes withdrew,
His Circle finiſht ev'n before his Noon,
Alas, the Sands of Gold all daſht ſo ſoon,
*H*ere the fair Glaſs of Life is broke, not run.

And now, my Muſe, to ſuch bright Merits juſt,
To gild the very *Bays* that Crown his Duſt,
*B*efore thou ſet'ſt out in his *PIERPOINT* Field
To trace the Glories that wide Range muſt yield,
The radiant Blazon of his Native Shield;
Here ev'n to yet ſublimer Numbers ſtrung,
Take up thy Lyre, and to commence thy Song,
Look up, my *Muſe*, and firſt behold *H*im move
In his Divineſt Orb of Glory, LOVE.
Yes, here behold his *Bridal Bed* t' adorn,
That *Weſtern* FLOWR, a lovely BAYNTON born,
Twixt Heav'n, and a kind SIRE uprais'd ſo Fair,
His own and bounteous Nature's Rival Care,
She to enrich the *Caſket*, He the *Gem*:
Her *Eyes* and *Mind* ſo matcht, each ſhining Beam,
And early *Grace* to her young Breaſt inſtill'd,
Worthy the Beauteous Angel-mould they fill'd.

In

In *Life* and *Love's* ſweet Morn their *Myrtle* twined
Such ſuch their *Hymenæal Glory* ſhin'd,
Not *Day's* bright *Charioteer*, thro' his vaſt Round,
Eye of the World, a Happier PAIR e'er found,
Nor all the Muſick of his circled Spheres,
Coud ever tune to *Harmony* like theirs.

Never did *Heav'n* and *Love* divinelier ſmile;
Felicities ſo exquiſite, a Pile
Of *Union Bleſſings*, even uprais'd ſo high,
As like th' Old *Babel* almoſt reacht the Sky.
The Founder of this Hymenæal Feaſt,
Knew well the Darling Portion he had given:
Perhaps He thought them too ſublimely bleſt,
The Profuſe Grant of over-ſmiling *Heav'n*:
For here the Great Diſpenſer---*Hold*, oh hold
What Diſmal *Tale* of Fate muſt now be told!
Oh, My *Thalia*, theſe dread Sounds to ſing,
Hang thy ſad *Head*, and drop thy flagging Wing.
Whether t' exert his *Pow'r*, or *Will* diſplay,
Or that---Forbear t' inquire. Almighty SWAY
Admits of no Diſpute---Th' Immortal Frown
Alas, for Reaſons to *Himſelf* beſt known,
Bolted thro' this dear LIFE that dire *Deſtruction* down,
Their *Hymen's* Songs, Endearments, Raptures, all
That *Harmony* Divine, doom'd t' a New *Babel's* Fall;

To

To cruſh their towring Pile that *Heart* he wounds,
And all the *Language* of their *Joy* confounds.
What tho' this Bolt tranſlates *Him* to the Skies,
A Star-crown'd Brow; what Torrents muſt ariſe
From the *Fair* MOURNER's Eyes, ſuch her Alarms
When torn whole Worlds aſunder from his Arms;
Up to his very Throne of *Paradiſe*
Her Widow'd Plaints ſhall ſcale his Bowrs of Bliſs;
*He*r Sighs and Tears plead with that mournful Voice,
Till ev'n amidſt his new *E*ternal Joys,
From that *H*igh *T*hrone *He* ſhall with Pain look down,
*T*o ſee the *Trickling Pearl* his *H*erſe ſhall crown.
Yes, from the Beauteous *E*yes what *T*ears muſt fall
*H*er *Joys* once *P*artner, *Life's* beſt *H*alf, her All
On this ſide *H*eav'n moſt dear-
--*B*ut hold. *T*hy Song
Dwells, my bold *Muſe*, on theſe ſad Rites too long.
*T*he *Conjugal* too deep *Afflictions* bar
All *E*yes, t' approach their *mournful Cell* too far.
*H*ere ſtop then, nor, in generous Pity dare
*T*o touch ſuch tender *Bleeding Wounds* too near.
Retire then from theſe Eyes of *Grief*, and now
View the dark *Cloud* that wraps a FATHER's *B*row.

This

his Darling *Branch*, by too relentleſs Doom,
is brighteſt HOPE, cropt in his *Vernal Bloom*;
h think how gloomy an Aſcendant reigns
'er the ſad Fount of ſuch *expiring Veins*.
) wounded Vines pour a long weeping Stream,
ll the ſick *Root* dies thro' the bleeding *Stem*.

From theſe profounder Sighs, my *Muſe*, now turn
a *Nurſery* of *Mourners* at his Urn;
he Heirs t' a *Father's* Honour, *Mother's* Charms,
ioſe *Two* ſweet *Miniatures* that fill her Arms;
eir *Twins* of Light, too young this Loſs to wail,
rn t' a more diſtant *Miſerie's* Entail.
s, happy *Infancy*, thy Head ſo low,
e humble *Cradle* lies beneath this Blow.
hen after ſome long Suns revolving Round,
her wide Circle the *Wing'd Goddeſs* bound,
ith all her waiting *Heraldry* of *Fame*,
uſtice to a *KINGSTON*'s deathleſs Name,
ſome remoter *Age*, big with a Tear,
r *Tears* muſt be the Debt of *Ages* here)
ll with a *Pleaſure* and a *Pain* repeat,
w *Lov'd* that *GOODNESS* ſhin'd, how *Mourn'd* He ſet;
ith all the Raptures that bright Theme can yield,
ns o'er the *Sweets* of that once *Fragrant Field*:

Then from that towring Height, her Wings all dropt,
Tells them how their fair *Sourſe of GLORY* ſtopt:
Recounts the Fate with all its killing Sounds,
And opes anew the whole freſh *Bleeding Wounds*;
Then, then's the Payment of their juſt Arrears:
Their *Grief's* reſerv'd for yet more diſtant Years,
Alas, the *Veins* muſt ripen for their Tears.

Nor are his native *KINGSTON Founts* enough,
The *Funeral Piety* paid in his own Roof.
The *Conjugal* or the *Parental Eye*
Cannot alone the ſtreaming Grief ſupply.
Ev'n *Love* it ſelf mourns here; ſo dampt the *Joy*,
It drew down Tears from the *Immortal Boy*.
Vain *Poets*, who to *Love* make *Temples* riſe,
Give him a *Godhead*, yet deny him *Eyes*.
Alas, can *Love* be *blind*, can that bright Powr
Want *Sight!* Ah no, the God had *Eyes* too ſure.
Eyes that look'd down all pleas'd to ſee ſuch Charms,
Such Bridal Sweetneſs lodg'd in thoſe bleſt Arms;
All pleas'd to ſee the happy *KINGSTON-Pair:*
No *Hymeneal Morn* e'er roſe more fair.
With Eyes all ſmiling on thoſe *Heads* he ſhined;
Till at this *parting Blow* he wept 'em blind.

Oh

Oh thou dread *Tyrant* to the Fair and Young,
On thy dark Walls of *Death* thoſe barbarous
Trophies hung!
Thou dire *Diſeaſe*, what Ravage haſt thou made
By *Terrours* baleful *King* too fatally obey'd!
So often have thy too malignant Shafts,
Of blooming Veins drank thoſe deep ſanguine
Draughts!
Thou, who not weeping *Families* alone,
But haſt ev'n made whole mourning *Kingdoms*
groan;
Thine, thine the Stroke, which to ſad *ALBION*'s
Coſt,
Both her *MARIA* and her *GLOC'STER* loſt.
Alas thou keen *Deſtroyer*, thou haſt ſhed
Thy *Wrath*'s too dreadful *Vial* on this *Head*.

When *Greatneſs* only dyes, our Eyes half wet,
'Tis but feint Dew falls when ſuch Glories ſet.
But when true Sorrow ſwells the Briny Flood,
It is not for the Great, but *Great* and *Good*.
Such the daſht Joy does *KINGSTON*'s loſs ſupply;
When all that moſt deſerv'd to Live muſt Dye.
A Temper ſo ſerene, ſo ſweet an Air,
All that cou'd Converſation charm ſmil'd there.
So fair a *Mind* did that rich Breaſt inſpire,
Prometheus never ſtole ſuch Heav'nly Fire.

Thou

Thou Fall of Angels, *Pride*, hadſt thou been
driv'n,
Shame of both Worlds, ſhut out from Earth and
Heav'n,
As far as from the *KINGSTON*-Roof; nor there
Proud *Lucifer*, nor prouder *Lewis* here,
Had 'gainſt the Univerſal Peace conſpir'd;
No Luſt of Pow'r, had then th' Aſpirer fir'd.
Nor had *Ambition* rouz'd a *MICHAEL* there,
Nor *ANNE*'s avenging Bolts of Thunder here.

Yes, *KINGSTON*, with thy tuneful Genius bleſt,
Thy Boſome ſure was all one *Halcyon Neſt*.
Humanity ev'n to that Height refin'd;
That certainly if the Angelick Kind
Their *Beatifick Luſtre* would reſign,
And to our Eyes in mortal Converſe joyn;
Whatever their *Divine Addreſs* might be,
They'd copy ſure their *Humane Airs* from Thee.

So when ſome dreadful Conflagration pours
Its flaming Torrent oe'r the ſacred Towrs
Of ſome tall *Dome*, wrapt in one ſpreading Blaze;
With helpleſs Hands and trickling Eyes we gaze:
But, oh, not half the Sighs and Tears we call,
Only to ſee the tumbling Fabrick Fall.
No, when our Eyes to th' inmoſt Treaſure turn,
And ſee the *Raphael* and the *Titian* burn;

The

The Riches of the Pencil and the Loom,
The Orient Sparkle, and the Tyrian Bloom;
The cracking *Porphyry*, and melting *Gold*,
All in one ſwallowing Ruine to behold;
Then the drown'd Eyes we to this Object turn:
'Tis with ſuch Grief we the loſt *KINGSTON* mourn.
Such was the Conflagration at His Urn.

But why, my Muſe, do theſe ſad Notes diſplay
So dark a Night to *VIRTUE*'s ſetting Day!
No, to adminiſter one Cordial Drop
A little his ſad RELICT's Tears to ſtop,
Tell Her, if poſſible, her Griefs t' allay,
And ev'n t' a Grave let in one Beam of Day,
Her Darling *KINGSTON* t' his long *Requiem* led,
Shall live in thoſe *Young* EYES, ev'n Born to mourn Him Dead;
Copies that ſhall th' *Original* renew,
And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.
Nay tho' this *Tutelary Hand* they've loſt,
That Task ſeems wholly now t' her Self engroſt,
Perhaps ev'n ſtill in that great Charge He's joyn'd,
His Part in that dear Truſt not all reſign'd.
From his bright Orb of never ſetting Day,
By kind Omnipotence's borrow'd Ray,

Cou'd this bleſt HEAD with Starry Wreaths now twined,
Look down on thoſe dear *Pledges* left behind,
His Darling *Nurs'ry* ſtill; oh with what Pride
Wou'd He the very Work of Heav'n divide;
Around th' Immortal Throne of Glory, there
The Miniſtring, and Guardian Angel here,
With equal Zeal his double Task purſue,
Both Bleſſings to receive, and ſhow'r 'em too.
Nay tell Her too, one Six Foot Length enfolds
More Wealth than yon *Celeſtial Circle* holds;
Yes, that Rich Bed where her Dear *KINGSTON* ſleeps,
That Hallow'd Shrine w^ch^ theſe bleſt *RELIQUES* keeps,
That narrow Cell, that fertile Bed of Earth
Shall one Day teem with his *Immortal Birth*;
That now laid Head then rais'd ſo all Divine
Shall with that never ſetting Luſtre ſhine,
When *Starrs* and *Sun* in all their touring Pride,
With Nature's common Rubbiſh thrown aſide,
Hurld headlong from their tumbling Orbs of Powr,
Wrapt in Eternal *Shade* are ſeen no more.

Yes, that *Great Day* will come (tho' Ages yet unborn
Muſt drive their Reſtleſs Courſe before that ſmiling Morn) When

When *Nature* tir'd, and *Time* unhing'd, the whole
Great Axis of the World no more ſhall rowle,
Whilſt the Eternal Portals ſhall unfold
To a new Heav'n their opening Doors of Gold.
Then this bleſt PAIR ſhall meet again more bleſt,
In Joys refin'd above their *Bridal Feaſt.*
Their Radiant Brows adorn'd Divinely Fair,
No more the *Conjugal* but *Angel* PAIR:
From Mates of LOVE upraiſ'd to Mates of GLORY there.

And now, my *Muſe*, at his laſt Rites Divine,
To wait his *Reliques* t' his *HOLME-PIERPONT Shrine*;
HOLME-PIERPONT, whoſe long Sacred *Cell* contains
Of that Illuſtrious NAME the *Great Remains*;
And, lo, prepar'd in all their Fun'ral Weeds,
His mourning Herſe, and ſable-mantled Steeds,
Hither their *Load of* HONOUR to convey
To his Enſtalment on his *Throne of Clay*,
The laſt juſt Debt that *Pious Love* can pay:
Here his Great ANCESTORS repoſing Duſt,
In antique Urns of Venerable Ruſt,
WORTHIES enroll'd in *Fame*, that fixt *Renown*,
Thro' near Seven *Hundred* Annual Circles down,
In one unbroken *Honourable Line*,
From the Great *NORMAN Entry* call'd to ſhine;

Receive

Receive *Him* to their own long *Fun'ral Bed.*
But ſay, my *Muſe,* have th' Aſhes of the Dead
No Sympathetick Touch; wrapt in ſo dark
A *Lethe*; not the leaſt *Inſtinctive Spark?*
No, th' angry Bolt on ſuch Young VIRTUE hurld,
To enrich *Heav'n* by an empov'riſht World;
Sure, the Reception of this *KINGSTON Gueſt,*
Ruffled the Peace of Graves, broke ev'n the Reſt
Of his Great *Anceſtors* long *Hundred* Years,
When ſuch ſnatcht *WORTH* ſo early diſappears;
This Shock ev'n by Inanimate *Statues* felt,
Does into Tears their very *Marble* melt.

FINIS.